Monkthorne

Wednesday 27th May

Yes, Dearest Creature, come to Dinner on Monday
do — & I suppose, after Catting. I pity you
to day, ~~Lord~~ roasting in the hot fire of
Ethel's egotism — though I can't lay all the blame
on my headache on her entirely, poor old woman. It's
partly this jolly little temperature, no doubt, &
partly that we spent that morning bustling in a
crowd round Chelsea flower show — where, by the
way we bought a little Minute Cedar tree,
50 years old: I want me to send it
very small bird a nightingale to sing on it
branches. Find me some at Sitting Hurst
I'm just recovered, have been Jauntering
over the Downs alone — Lord — why do I ever come back to
London? They look so lovely this evening, from my
Garden room, with the low bars that always
make me think of Greek Temples. And we've
been to a village wedding, seen the bridal

party perched on Kitchen chairs drawn up in a
great blue wash, drawn by Colonial farm
women with ribbons in their hats, & little
pyramids of bells on their foreheads. What an
odd mixture English country life is, squalor –
magnificence! I should like to read the Land
tonight, but haven't got a copy here. Is
indeed, if my fujidawn is working. I shall
eat frozen gooseberries & cold asparagus
flesh if cat, & perhaps a bottle of
Spanish wine ahead with frost – but
of course, though they hammer all day, it won't be
working. I send you we have sold over
4,000 copies of A. P. S. before publication.
It's a great day today for the press – I bet
Envy for the usual rotten eggs & sticky sweets
& reviewers, all the same.

Monday 8. (a bloke) : now note:)
Dat mean breakfast – V.

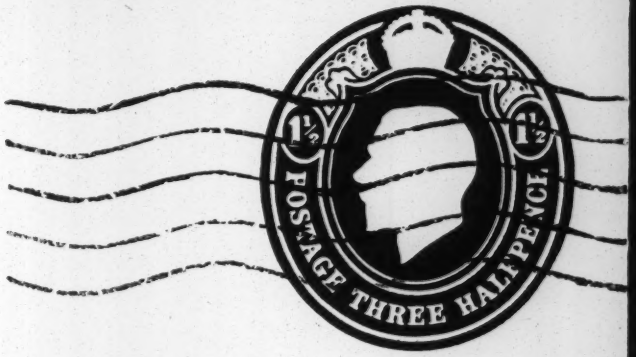
Perhaps Ethel is keeping with you tonight?

NYPL

HAMILTON BARKER 2/5/62.

52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone : Museum 2621.

I didn't make it clear just now on the telephone
(I think) that we had been engaged to go to
the Opera for three weeks or so — it was
my idiocy that I forgot: only I don't
want you to think that we put you off,
for a superior engagement. No. no.
That all. Monday, then. V.W.

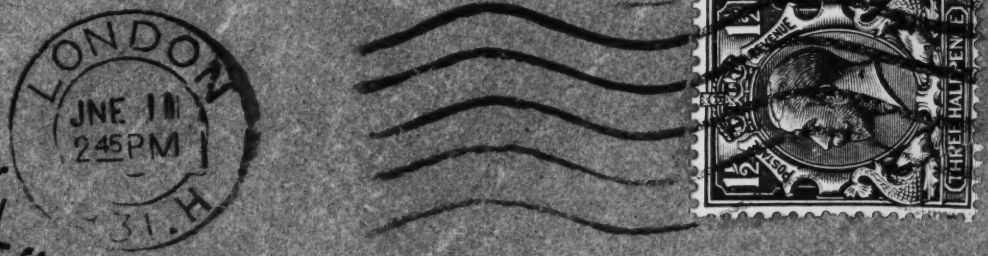


The Hon
Mrs H. Nicolson.
Long Barn
Weald
Sevenoaks
Kent.

52 T.S. Thursday. June 14

(1) Would you like me to come down on Tuesday for night, to Jessy E, (or Lay/Bean) I shall be alone.

(2) We have sold 6500 of Pascoe Tales very good. We are today considering reprinting a new Edition. Lord! what fun! Orders coming in like pickerels in a net. Ethel Sellers much subdued. Had you said anything I wonder? Let me know about Tuesday. V.



The Hon
Mrs Nicolson
Long Barn Weald
Sevenoaks
Kent

dines at 2 4th head

Leave Sat 4th July
Monday 13th.

Sat 22nd Aug - to
7th Sept.

NYPL

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52 T.S. Friday.

After waiting 3 weeks, the book arrived today. I enclose an instance of thought-transmission — your & Jacob's French must have crossed the channel & stormed them to activity without word. But I am keeping the French letter for future use. O Law Law I enjoyed myself — what a fine brand of coloured you keep. Love

Going on uninterrupted: at a nursing home

The Hon
Mrs H Nicolson
Long Barn
Weald
Sevenoaks
Kent

yesterday I was told how one patient recommended
a P.S to another 'because it so specific, &
also the very book for you, Dina you're looking for a
house" The psychology of the reader — is
obscure.

NYPL

Dotty dined here last night, in the effect
I awoke of a hasty, hastily run up to India he
(but don't say this) to continue the series: I'm
afraid it wasn't very effective.

Monday. 3.30. V. W.

July 9
1931

Wednesday

52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone : Museum 2621.

I've told Ethel that you have long promised to take me for a treat – say to the Blackwall Tunnel – on Monday next, thus gracefully avoiding a visit to Lady Lewis's, to hear Tovey play Bach. So please confirm this a some part of it.

Then, yesterday, no week ago I met Maurice Baring who wished me to eradicate Joyce from working. Hint letter to Ross; visit Harrod. And here's a letter from Evan Charteris to prove it. All of which is out of date

LONDON
JUL 9
12-45 AM
1913

LONDON
JUL 9
12-45 AM
1913

5

Mr Hen
Mrs A Nicolson
Long Barn
Weald
Sevenoaks
Kent

July 9
1931

Wednesday

52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone: Museum 2621.

I've told Ethel that you have long promised to take me for a treat – say to the Blackwall Tunnel – on Monday next, thus gracefully avoiding a visit to Lady Lewis's, to hear Tovey play Bach. So please confirm this a true part of it.

Then, yesterday week ago I met Maurice Baring who wished me to eradicate Joyce from writing that letter to Ross; with Harrod. And here's a letter from Evan Charteris to prove it. All of which is out of date

The Hon
Mrs A Nicolson
Long Barn
Weald
Sevenoaks
Kent

I forgotten now; but never mind.

And Oh Lord these senile old women
with their perverted passions — here Lady
Oxford on me — bringing Ethel Barnes & Bibesco to
tea, demanding my picture & — O Lord grant —
that my next book shall be dedicated
to her. What Poppy a la mandragora — no,
it's keep away I'm thanking you — the room
still ringing with Ethel on the phone. &
to bed. And what bed without — ? And
when — ? And what — ? V.

NYPL
HAMILL & BARKER 2/15/62